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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

THE LIFE FORCE.

Against the sun I saw a bird,
  Brown body, beating wings of dun,
And carolling a song unheard
  Against the sun.

Through ocean, earth and ether run
  The forces of a hidden word,
Reverberant ere earth begun,
  The impulse of a flood unstirred,
Divisionless, eternal, one
  With that far singing of a bird
Against the sun.

—Rhys Carpenter.

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THE PACIFIC

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CATHOLICS IN CONVENTION DECLARE FOR THE SUPREMACY OF THE STATE.

The supreme council of the Knights of Columbus, in session recently in Seattle, declared as erroneous a current belief that Catholics owed an allegiance to the Pope that was incompatible with allegiance to our country. A Commission on Religious Prejudices reported:

"We should lose no proper occasion to declare the position of Catholics and the teachings of the church on this matter, namely, that while Catholics acknowledge the Pope to be supreme in spiritual matters, they do not hold that he has any authority in civil matters. If any spiritual authority were to direct us to do any act contrary to the rights of free citizens or the welfare of society we would be bound to disobey." Archbishop Bouzano, the papal delegate, was in attendance, and voiced the same sentiments.

It is well that such an organization as the Knights of Columbus should so declare, for there is a widely prevalent belief to the contrary, based not only on the history of the Roman Catholic Church, but also on declarations in recent years of members of the Church.

It was in 1912 that Father Phelan, a St. Louis priest and editor of The Western Watchman, published one of his sermons in his paper in which he said:

"The Catholics of the world love the Church more than they do their own nation. Tell us that we think more of the Church than we do of the United States; of course, we do. Tell us that we are Catholics first and Americans or Englishmen afterward; of course we are. Tell us, in the conflict between the Church and the civil government that we take the side of the Church; of course we do. Why, if the Government of the United States were at war with the Church we would say tomorrow, to hell with the Government of the United States! And if the Church and all the governments of the world were at war, we would say, to hell with the governments of the world. They say we are Catholics first and Americns afterward. There is no doubt about it. Because the Catholic Church is everything to all the Catholics of the world; they renounce all nationalities where there is a question of loyalty to her. . . . The pope is the ruler of the world. All the emperors, all the kings, all the princes, all the presidents of the world today are as these altar-boys of mine."

Father Phelan frequently indulges in bitter attacks on Protestantism. This is a sample: "We would like to rack and quarter Protestantism; we would like to impale it and hang it up for the crows to build nests of; we would like to tear it with pincers and pierce it with red-hot irons; we would like to fill it with molten lead and plunge it into hell fire a hundred fathoms deep."

Inasmuch as a papal delegate bade him not long ago stop his attack on a brother Catholic we wonder why he is not stopped from the vitriolic declarations against Protestantism. Can it be that the Pope rejoices over such utterances, or have they never come to his notice?

It is worthy of note that in the Encyclical Immortale, 1885, Pope Leo XIII said:

"Over this mighty multitude God himself set rulers with power to govern, and He has willed that one shall be the head of all, and the chief and unerring teacher of truth."

And also, further on, the Pope said: "The Roman Church is a society chartered as of right divine, perfect in its nature and in its title to possess in itself and of itself, through the will and loving kindness of its Founder, all needful provision for its maintenance and action. And just as the end at which the Church aims is by far the noblest of ends, so is its authority the most exalted of all authority; nor can it be looked upon as inferior to the civil power, or in any manner dependent upon it."

Then the Pope said further: Catholics are "to make use of popular institutions so far as can honestly be done for the advancement of truth and righteousness . . . to endeavor to bring back all civil society to the pattern of Christianity which we have described."

The foregoing appears to indicate that Leo XIII placed the Church above the State and would have contended for such supremacyy, mayhap, as some of the popes did in the middle ages, if occasion had offered.

It was Pius IX who said: "Education outside the Catholic Church is damnable." Father Phelan remarked quite recently: "I frankly confess that the Catholics stand before the country as the enemies of the public schools." And the Catholic Telegraph said not long ago: "It will be a glorious day when under the laws the school system shall be shivered to pieces."

Among the propositions found in the Syllabus of Errors condemned by Pius IX, are these:

"Protestantism is nothing more than another form of the same true Christian religion, in which it is possible to be equally pleasing to God as in the Catholic Church."

"It appertains to the civil power to define what are the rights and limits within which the Church may exercise authority."

"Kings and princes are not only exempt from the jurisdiction of the Church, but are superior to the Church, in litigated questions of jurisdiction."

"In the case of conflicting laws between the two powers, the civil law ought to prevail."

"No, no, no, no," said the Pope to each of these propositions. All were condemned as errors.

Father Phelan, in his declarations, seems to be following after the promulgations of the great heads of the Church.

It is not strange accordingly that there are people in this country who fear the Catholic Church. They are glad whenever men in whom they have confidence declare, as the Knights of Columbus did in Seattle. Nevertheless, there are very many who believe that if the occasion should ever arise to choose between the two there would be found an immense number placing the Church before the State.

The present writer has been engaged in editorial work since 1880, and has never taken a position against the Catholic Church. This is the first time he has written any-

thing at all derogatory of that Church. But it is only right that such facts as these here given should be known. It is not probable that the disturbing questions which some persons fear will ever arise. But if they do, our judgment is that the majority of the Catholics will not stand on Father Phelan's platform.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

It is reported that Russia is double-tracking the Trans-Siberian Railroad.

The new British income tax will take $1,250,000 from William Waldorf Astor.

At the beginning of the war 48,000 young men were attending the universities of Germany. All but 5,000 have gone to the war.

The Rev. Stanley Ross Fisher, pastor of one of the Congregational churches of Los Angeles is on a visit to his parents in Connecticut.

The first of the meetings of the Laymen's Missionary Movement for 1915-16 are held in Chicago this week. Secretary Kelsey of the American Board will attend the Chicago meetings on his way East to the National Council.

The German Government has ordered the closing of all workshops in the empire in which working people employed sewing sand bags receive less than the local standard wages and where the "sweating system" is practiced.

No sale for wine grapes in California this year. If this situation should continue for another year there will not be much of a wine industry to be destroyed by the adoption of the proposed prohibition amendment to go into effect in 1920.

There is great rejoicing all over the East over the order of the mayor of Chicago for the closing of the saloons on Sunday. The law for it is plain. The friends of the liquor traffic ought not to complain. The nation, state or city that refuses to enforce its laws is on the down-grade toward destruction.

It is estimated that when the war is ended in Europe there will be at the least five million more marriageable women than men. Before the war began the female population in the United Kingdom was 1,297,500 in excess of the male. In Germany it was 845,660; in France it was 645,211 in excess.

At the special election to be held in California on the 26th of October an amendment to the constitution will be voted on which will make it possible, if adopted, for churches to be used for social purposes for the benefit of the church without being subject to taxation. All church people should go to the polls and vote for it.

Beloit College has a rule which requires all students to attend religious services in the chapel. There are about 25 Catholic students there. Priests in Beloit have endeavored to have them excused. President Eaton says the chapel services are entirely non-sectarian and that there are no good reasons why the Catholic students should not attend.

It seems that there are in Germany as well as in other countries men who desire to make money out of the war. One German paper stated recently that the poison fungus of war usury not only exists but is rapidly spreading. The Prussian Minister of Public Instruction has advised parents to send their children to school barefoot, leather being too high for many of them to dream of shoes.

War's Aftermath is the title of a book by Dr. David Starr Jordan of Stanford University in which it is shown that 80 per cent of the best blood of certain counties of Virginia was lost in the Civil War, that the widows of men killed rarely remarried and that sweethearts either never married or mated with inferior stock, and that the results are to be seen in physical and mental deterioration.

The Michigan Union is an organization in the University at Ann Arbor which has for its aim the thorough democratization of the University. It brings the several thousand students into such association as they would not have otherwise and is a great leveler. The building has been inadequate. And just now the alumni and friends of the University all over the country are engaged in a campaign to raise one million dollars for a new building.

The editor of the Ladies Home Journal expresses the opinion that there never was a time when so large a number of persons were engaged in civic social and philanthropic work as there are at present. "Slowly but surely has the truth come home to thousands of men that they are their brothers' keepers, and they have entered into all kinds of betterment work, in and out of business in a way that has been nothing short of amazing, so quickly has the change come. As a matter of fact, the standing of a man in the world of men has entirely changed within the last few years, until today he is beginning to be judged not alone by the application of his capacities to the making of money, but in proportion as he applies those abilities to the betterment of his fellowmen. This new standard by which he is measured is to become far more general in the near future."

THE CATHOLIC ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

The Catholic elementary schools are organized under the care of the pastor of each parish, and are united in a diocesan system under the direction of the Bishop. In most of the dioceses of the United States there is a School Board, consisting of a select body of pastors appointed by the Bishop. Besides this School Board there is in many dioceses a Superintendent of Schools. The ordinary function of the School Board are to inspect, examine, and regulate schools. The regulations regard courses of studies, text books, and the certification of teachers. Where there is a Superintendent the School Board receives his report, considers his recommendations, and acts upon them in a legislative capacity. The ordinary functions of the Superintendent are to inspect and examine the schools, regulate the courses of study, and to determine whatever is necessary for the standardization of schools. He renders an annual report to the Bishop and the School Board.

As the Catholic elementary schools are usually taught by the members of a religious educational order, there is also an Inspector appointed from the order for the schools as conducted. The elementary parish schools are established in every diocese of the United States. There are more than five thousand of these parochial schools with an enrollment of 1,400,000.

Besides these elementary parochial schools there is a well organized system of secondary schools. There are more than seven hundred Catholic High Schools and Academies in the United States. Most of these schools are registered and approved by the educational department of the State in which they are situated. Many of the Academies and High Schools are listed as private schools, and there is a fee for tuition, according to the elegance of the surroundings, and the accommodations offered to the students. Some are boarding schools, but the majority are for day scholars only.

There are 125 Catholic colleges in the United States. Most of them have preparatory schools of a high school grade. There are twenty Catholic universities in the United States. In all the populous dioceses there is an ecclesiastical seminary for the education of the clergy, where the studies are up to the university grade. The dioceses that are not able to maintain such seminaries send their students to a well organized institution such as that maintained by the diocese of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, or the other great centres.

SHARING CHRIST'S CROSS.

A Sermon by the Rev. R. J. Campbell of the City Temple, London.

"And as they led him away, they laid hold upon one Simon, a Cyrenian, coming out of the country, and on him they laid the cross, that he might bear it after Jesus."—Luke xxiii:26.

Of all the recorded incidents connected with the crucifixion of our Lord none is more noteworthy than this. It finds a place in all three of the synoptical gospels, though only briefly mentioned in each, a single sentence sufficing in every case to state the fact. But what a fact; To go down into history as the one man who helped Jesus to bear His cross to Calvary is surely a distinction compared with which all earthly honors are as dross. To be thus associated with our Divine Master in the hour of His passion and ignominy, to be privileged to share His sad burden, and by so sharing lighten it a little for Him, must have been an experience to which this otherwise obscure and unknown Cyrenian looked back in after days, and probably looks back still, with reverent exaltation of spirit and solemn joy. He may not have felt anything of this at the moment—nay, we may be almost certain he did not; he would be filled with fear and dismay, like so many others—but the time did come, beyond doubt, when the retrospect filled him with gratitude and awe. I think we are not without evidence that this was so. There are little differences of detail in the several gospel narratives of the event which go some way to justify such an inference, and tradition has something to say about it too. Matthew merely tells us that as the procession came out of the judgment hall the soldiers found a man of Cyrene, Simon by name, and him they compelled to bear His (Jesus') cross. It was the custom for condemned criminals to be forced to bear their own crosses to the place of execution, but apparently in this instance—and tradition has always taken that view—the suffering Master was so faint and exhausted by long ill-usage and loss of blood, as well as the mental agony He had undergone, that He was unable to do it, and fell down more than once under the cruel load. Realizing that He was unequal to the strain of bearing the cross unaided, His guards laid hold of a man they noticed in the crowd of onlookers and pressed Him into the melancholy service. From Matthew's words, and Mark's also, we might gather that Simon carried the cross entirely; but Lukes testimony, as given in my text, suggests that this was not the case, but that Simon bore one end of the cross and Jesus the other, Simon following. "On him they laid the cross, that he might bear it after Jesus." We cannot be certain that this is what happened, as the account is rather vague on the point; but, which ever way it was, it comes to much the same thing. Jesus could not bear His cross alone, and Simon had to help Him, following closely behind Him on on that dreadful journey to the scene of death.

He must have had to endure to some etxent the same kind of evil treatment as the sacred Victim Himself was receiving—the same jeers and contempt, the same buffets and brutal insults. The bulk of these no doubt fell on Jesus, but His fellow cross-bearer was not wholly exempt we may be sure. How do we know this? We know it from the very fact that Simon was chosen for what was thought to be a disgraceful and disgusting task.

Was it altogether an accident that the soldiers pounced on him, when they saw that Jesus needed assistance? I do not suppose so for a moment. They seized on him because they could do so with impunity; no one would resent it; in fact, it may be presumed that the infliction of such a degradation would not only meet with no protest from the Jews around, but would, perhaps, be agreeable to them. Was there something against Simon? It is significant that they knew him by name. Had he shown any sympathy with Jesus? Had he been, as some say, an avowed disciple of the Nazarene? We shall never know in this world, but the conclusion is not unjustifiable. Mark, with his usual vividness, gives us an illuminating touch on the subject. He says Simon was the father of Alexander and Rufus. Why does he tell us that? Evidently he knew Alexander and Rufus; he would not have troubled to mention them if he had not, and therefore, presumably, Alexander and Rufus belonged to the apostolic Christian community. Mark's gospel is said to have emanated from Rome, and in the sixteenth chapter of St. Paul's epistle to the Romans we find a reference to a certain Rufus "chosen in the Lord" and occupying a prominent position amongst the Christians there. More than that, in the same passage we find St. Paul speaking of the mother of Rufus as having been also a mother to him, an evidence of an intimacy of fellowship and service in the cause of Christ of the closest and tenderest character. It seems unlikely that the Rufus of Mark could be any other than the Rufus of Paul. And this being so it becomes in the highest degree probable that the family of Simon of Cyrene was from the first identified with the followers of Jesus. This presumption is strengthened by what we read in the Acts of the Apostles about the prominent part played by men of Cyrene in the spreading of the gospel in the Gentile world. Tradition supports it, too, for it adds that Simon himself was one of the seventy disciples sent forth by Jesus on the special mission referred to in Luke x, and that when persecution fell upon the infant Church of Christ in after days he was one of the martyrs who suffered for the Master's name, dying upon a cross in the same fashion as his Lord. Simon the cross-bearer later became Simon the crucified, treading still in the footsteps of the Savior of mankind. Today it is his highest glory that out of all the millions of the human race he, and he alone, bore the cross with Jesus on the day He died for the sins of the world.

But I discern a principle illustrated by this notable incident and all that accrues therefrom, which means a

great deal to you and me. It may be stated thus: There is a fellowship of the cross of Christ in which we may help the Lord, into which we are divinely called to this end, but in the experience of which our own souls lose their fetters and enter upon a glory otherwise unknown. Suppose Simon of Cyrene had not been compelled to bear that cross. Would any dignity in earth or heaven compensate him today for what he would have missed or has since found? But in a sense that sorrowful procession with the thorn-crowned Lord of glory at its head is still passing from Pilate's hall to the hill of Calvary, and any of us may be suddenly summoned to take our place therein and meekly walk with bowed head behind the Master's bleeding feet, taking some of His load upon our shoulders and carrying it to the end. And the end for us may be as Simon's is said to have been, to follow Him even in being stretched upon the cross and dying there to all that the world holds of gain and delight. But, indeed, this is not the end, nor is it the heart of the matter at any stage. There is in the fellowship of the cross a joy unspeakable, a good sublime, a life and love sweeter and more intense than aught that without it earth can ever show.

There is, however, let me emphasize, in the cross of Jesus a unique element, a something which can never be repeated and which none can ever share. It is requisite that we see this clearly before we can rightly understand the part that Simon bore, and we are severally called to bear, in connection therewith, or what the apostle meant when he wrote: "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Many people besides Simon have died the precise death that Jesus died, but we do not think of that as placing them in the same category at Jesus. It is said that no less than ten thousand people were once crucified together outside the walls of Jerusalem; and as I walked along the Appian Way at Rome a few weeks ago I could not help recalling amid the silence of its tombs that dreadful day when, after the suppression of the revolt of Spartacus, upwards of six thousand slaves were crucified thereon, their crosses lining the road on either side for miles, forming a long avenue of writhing forms in the agonies of a lingering death. Truly the cross under the cruel hand of Imperial Rome has often been associated with tragedies as terrible in their outward aspects as that which took place on Calvary when Jesus suffered and died between two thieves.

When, then, do we speak of the cross of Jesus as if there had never been another? Ah, it is not the manner of the death, but Him who died that makes the difference. There is more in that death than has ever been explained yet, or ever will be, till we know as we are known. What was taking place at Calvary when our Redeemer hung upon His cross was not all manifest to those who gazed thereon with mortal eyes. A mighty issue was being determined in the unseen, a fierce conflict going forward in which all humanity had a deep concern, but could take no share. It is in this that the mystery of the cross resides, and its power too. On our side of the veil it seemed to everyone that Jesus had lost the day; but hell knew better; on the other side He had won it. When He cried, "It is finished," maybe He also knew that the hosts of darkness were being driven from the field in headlong rout.

But to return to the principle we were considering just now, it is a law of terrestrial life that in order to attain fuller manifestations it must submit to pain and death. It goes to build up other forms, other modes of being, by losing its own; but in thus perishing on the lower planes of embodiment it rises to the higher. Cosmic evolution would long ago have ended in stagnation and atrophy but for this stern yet beneficent law. On the purely physical level it does indeed seem wholly wasteful and terrible, but when it begins to operate in the moral and spiritual sphere a beauty and a meaning hitherto hidden within it stand revealed Suppose no organism had ever died that another might live, all would be dead by now—or, rather, under the conditions of material eixstence life could never have developed at all; it would have had to remain unexpressed. "Nature red in tooth and claw" has not spared any of her own creations. To all appearance she has slain ruthlessly and squandered lavishly the fairest products of her occult genius. Non-human life cannot help itself in the matter, and even human only can in a comparatively small degree.

But not only is life as a whole the gainer by the individual sacrifice, from the lowest ranges to the highest, but that individual life itself is never lost; no life is ever lost; it but reclothes itself in higher and finer form. The noblest achievements of humanity are after all built upon a shambles; man has won his present position by the methods of the eagle and the tiger. Yes, there is no denying it; a million creatures have died that you might live, are dying now to the same end. The most glorious things in the world today, the noblest triumphs of the human spirit, the grandest thoughts and sublimest ideals owe their existence to, and are maintained in existence by, the destruction of countless humbler forms of life.

These are not asked to consent to their own immolation in the service of the great totality of being; they do not known that they will gain anything from it for themselves; but when man, a rational and moral being able to think God's thoughts along with Him, arrives on the scene, the case is different. He is called to take a conscious part in the process, to offer himself for the life of the whole, to lose his own life to find it. And as far back as we can go in the records of the race we see man dimly groping after the expression of this truth, trying to obey the urge of the Divine Spirit in his heart, to honor it in his deeds. And then Jesus came, and those who loved Him saw it clearly. They saw that it had been from the beginning of time, that it was the law of God's own being, that the lamb slain from the foundation of the world, the very Christ who died on Calvary, was the Alpha as well as the Omega thereof, and that all the life that had ever had to give itself in pain and death that other life might live was but taking up His cross and following after Him to a perfect consummation in the everlasting day.

Those of you who have ever read Myrtle Reed's beautiful fancy, "The Master's Violin," will remember the telling parable by which this truth is therein enforced:

"'So,' said the Master scornfully, 'you are to be an artist, and you are afraid of life! You are summoned to the ranks of the great, and you shrink from the signal—cover your ears, that you shall not hear the trumpet call! This, when you should be on your knees thanking the good God that at last He has taught you pain! . . . What is it that art is for? . . It is for every one in the world who has known trouble to be lifted up and made strong. . . . Listen. On a hill in Italy there was once a tree. It was a seed at the beginning. It was buried in the ground, covered up with earth like something that had died. Do you

think the seed liked that? But is it afraid when its heart is swelling? No! It breaks through with the great hurt. . . . One day it comes to the surface of the ground, and once more it breaks through with pain. . . . The sun shines fiercely, and it nearly dies in the heat. The storm comes, and it is shrouded in ice—made almost to die with the cold. The wild winds rock it an tear off the branches, making it bleed—there must always be pain. The years go by, and each one brings new hurt, but the tree is made hard and strong. One day there comes a man to look at it. 'It will do,' he says, and with his axe he chops it down. Do you think it does not hurt the tree, after the long years of fighting , to be cut down like that? Then it falls, crashing heavily through the branches to the ground. See, there must always be pain, even at the end. Then more cutting, more bleeding, more heat, more cold. Fine tools—steel knives that tear and split the fibres apart. Do you think it does not hurt? Then, one day it is finished, and there is mine Cremona—all the strength, all the beauty, all the pain, made into mine violin! But the end is not yet. God is working with me and mine, as well as with mine instrument. As yet I do not know that it is for me—it comes to me through pain. . . . Do you not see? There must always be pain. The dear God has made mine instrument, and in the same way He has made me, with the cutting, and the bruises, and the long night. . . . Like the tree, I have aspired, I have grown upward, I have done the best I could. Otherwise, I should not be fitted to play on mine Cremona. . . . I had the technique, and when the hurt broke open mine heart, I was immediately one artist. I understood, I could play, I could lift up all who suffered, because I had known suffering mineself.' "

Yes, that is it. It is the truth about all life and every mode of life. It only attains to power as it follows the Christ from Whom it came forth, bearing His cross; for His cross it is. But more abundantly is this true when spirit answers unto spirit. Like Simon of Cyrene, we are all compelled to bear the cross; we must suffer whether we will or no; we must tread the "Via dolorsa" in the footsteps of our Lord.

If you go to Assisi at the present day they may show you St. Francis' little rose garden, and the friar who accompanies you will tell you the story of the saint's temptation and the miracle that took place there. Francis had given up the world and its allurements for the love of Christ, but sometimes the lower life called to him strongly and told him that the higher was not worth the austerity of the sacrifice he had made; that there was no need for him to so mortify all earthly affections for the sake of serving Jesus. One night—so says the friar who tells you the story today—he was sorely tempted to abandon his vocation: the flesh cried out for indulgence, and he could bear it no longer: he rushed out of his cell into the little rose garden and flung his naked body upon the thorny bushes there, rolling upon them that the pain they inflicted might make the carnal tongue be silent. But instantly a marvellous thing took place. The bushes burst into flower, and now—the friar will assure you—they always grow without thorns, but only in that one spot. If they are taken away and planted in any other soil they either die or they grow thorns again. It is not for me to say whether the story is true—literally true.

It is spiritually true without doubt. The thorns you crush to your breast for Christ's sake burst into bloom and are thorns no more; the heart's blood that you shed for Him as He shed His for you is transformed into the beauty of holiness, the fragrant rose that shall adorn God' altar; but in no other garden of the soul can that miracle take place; every man must come afresh to the ordeal and in the love of Christ prevail.

What is Christ asking of you today? Nothing, perhaps, that you need give. Bruised, maltreated, crowned with thorns He passes you by, and the world seizes you and flings you under His cross, compelling you to bear it in His train.

How will you bear it? For, indeed, it is His cross you bear in bearing any load other than your own, the load of the world's sorrow as it has thrust itself upon you. How will you bear it? In your home, in your business, in all the relationships of your life? You can bear it with mournfulness and fret, with hate and fear, with protest and bitterness; or you can bear it with a glad confidence that He with whom you bear it will one day crown you with glory as the faithful companion of His passion. Which shall it be?

WHAT CAN CONGREGATIONALISTS CONCEDE FOR FEDERATION?

Rev. L. L. Woods.

Everything Except Their Principles.

These, in doctrinal statements, may be expressed as the Divinity of Christ, the inspiration of the Bible and faith in a Divine atonement for sin; in denominational tenets, as freedom of conscience, a converted church membership and the separation of church and state.

These are Christian and denominational fixtures, according to our interpretation of Divine authority which we hold, in connection with the great bulk of Christians, as sacred trusts and which we would not surrender in the interests of any union; for such a union would only be a misnomer in fact. A union of things divine, whether organic or federate, must involve something more than uniformity to be a real unity; it should involve a comprehension rather than a compromise of sacred truths and trusts.

A New Ecclesiastical Alignment.

There is a demand for a new ecclesiastical alignment before the fulfillment of our Savior's prayer: "that they may all be one, even as thou, Father, art in me and I in thee," be realized. It is apparent to all observing minds that there is a changed viewpoint in religious observances of the present day compared with former generations, a change from form to fact; from creed to conduct; from metaphysical to ethical views; from probational to educational considerations of the doctrine of salvation from sin; from potential to paternal conceptions of the Deity, and from the profoundly scholastic to the vitally apprehensive grasp of faith in Christ.

That there has been a loss of spiritual power in this transitional period is undoubtedly true, but let us hope and believe that this is only a transient and natural result of the new religious alignment that has taken place, and that this spiritual loss is to be more than compensated for in the new equilibrium of religious thought and life when the more Scriptural and Christly practice of Emmanuel's followers has been fully attained. New conditions rarely meet our expectations at first.

Changed Theological Opinion.

It requires no superior intuition to perceive that the great bulk of the religious world cares far less concerning

the theological opinions of the apostolic and church fathers than they do about the condition of the social world at the present time. It is a joy to know that while the industrial classes, as such, profess little confidence in Christ's churches, they do, through all, above all and in spite of all, constantly recognize the fact that the Savior of men preached a gospel of socialism in its truest sense, and that he taught and exemplified the love of our neighbor as ourselves as the very genius of his gospel. It is refreshing to observe that the thoughts of all God's people are turning to the whole world as never before since the apostolic age.

It is not the first time in modern history that the followers of Christ have faced new conditions of religious thought and have been called to sacrifice time-worn customs and traditions. In the revival of the 18th century the state churches of England and the continent of Europe saw a rediscovery of the worth of the individual soul and its personal responsibility to God. With rare exceptions, they had submerged these vital doctrines in religious formalism and indifferentism. When Whitfield and the Wesleys began preaching the truths of individual conversion and personal godliness, in the middle of that century in England and in the leading towns of the Atlantic seaboard of the American Colonies, the people were startled. They had forgotten that there were such doctrines in the Bible and flocked to hear them as did the Athenians at the Areopagus of ancient Athens to hear the great apostle to the Gentiles when they cried: "May we know what this new doctrine is whereof thou speakest, for thou bringest certain strange things to our ears?"

In the opening of the last century Christianity made its first great advance in modern history when the foreign missionary movement was born at a time when many, if not most, of the leaders of religious thought regarded it as an infringement on the sovereignty of God. But those who had caught a new vision of the apostolic commission persevered until the great movement was launched which has electrified the world with the religious and commercial importance of the gospel of Christ in heathen lands. Half a century later another keynote of the same old gospel was touched when the Woman's Missionary Society was baptized into a world-wide recognition, giving a new emphasis to woman's worth in the Christianizing of the world. A quarter of a century later came the awakening of another hitherto inoperative element in the churches of Christ—the world-wide Young People's Movement so prophetic of this old world's conquest for the Savior. Then with the opening of the new century came the great religious impetus of the Brotherhood Movement more fraught with moral grandeur than all the new movements that had preceded it in the modern church; because, for the first time in the world's religous history, the business energy of Christian laymen was yoked up with the churches in a concerted movement all along the line for a new and unprecedented advance in missionary activity and giving a new vision to the churches that gospel work is a man's job, not something to be relegated to women and Sunday School children. And then, better still, following this, a new light is dawning on the world's horizon that not militarism, but humanitarism. is to rule this earth; that might is not always to make right; that a loving heart is more potent than a mailed fist—a light that is a harbinger of peace for the adjustment of all national and international disturbances by the arbitrament of common sense and Christian courtesy; that shall cause human art and genius no longer to devote their chief energies to the devising of sharper swords, deadlier enginery and more hellish devices for the slaughter of human beings; that the world's armament shall be no more appalling and its war debts no more intolerable; that government officials, law-makers and war bureaucracies shall no longer vent their insane lust for greed and glory and power in a cry for wars which for four thousand years have furnished our highest galaies of fame with heroes whose hands have been dyed the deepest with human gore—a time for which many of us have long preached and prayed that we might be spared to see before we sing the **nunc ditimis.** All these new departures have had their opponents among the leaders of the religious and secular world and, if it be true, that the gospel of the Son of God has lost some of its old-time spiritual tone, it is now surely winning its way in its mission of the world's conquest as never before. No person conversant with the trend of the world's religious thought can question that Christian ideals and institutions are dominating human throught and controlling national destinies as never before in modern history.

A Change of Emphasis.

For a century and a half following the great religious revival of the 18th century God's people laid special stress on the salvation of the individual soul to the neglect of the physical man and the community idea in gospel obligations. The germ thought of all our Savior's teachings is embodied in the commandment which supplements the Old Testament Decalogue: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart and thy neighbor as thyself," thus putting the solution of the Old and New Testments into the one short potent word "love"; because—

"It is the heart and not the brain
That to the highest doth attain;
He who followeth love's behest
Far excelleth all the rest."

In this partial, or one-sided, faith of the generations gone God's people too far lost sight of the other side of the complete gospel of which they are, in an essential sense, the sacred custodians for the human race. No one can intelligently read the 25th chapter of Matthew and not understand that sins of omission are as condemning as those of commission: "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of these, my brethren, ye did it not unto me."

In the foregoing statements I am not forgetting, for one moment, that all true reforms and charities of modern time (and there are no others) have a gospel origin and have become aggressive only as they have been endorsed by the ministers and supported by the churches of Christ. No intelligent reader of history can question these world-patent facts. God has linked all true progress in the material and intellectual world with the gospel of his Son. He has anchored it in and with the outgrowth of Christianity. But we are living in a day laying special stress upon the social side of the gospel, the gospel of the humanities. To meet its claims we are called upon to make careful discriminations between Christianity and churchianity. It is a time calling for less churches and more piety of the primitive type. It may be true that "competition is the life of trade," but the adage has its limitations, even in commercial life. A superb spirit of brotherhood and social organization is moving all mankind. There is an irresistible trend toward co-operation

in all matters essentially affecting the social and religious spirit of the age. It reduces competition (which has its roots in an un-Christian spirit), and it increases power. The workingman joins the labor union believing that what he loses in individual independence is more than compensated for in his increment of power. In like manner the syndicates, when not abused, are a blessing; for they make it easier for both producer and consumer. When the spirit of Christian brotherhood has permeated the world there will be a great saving of wasted energies and even a greater expansion of resources in both secular and religious life. This is the—

> "Crest and crowning of all good,
> Life's final star in brotherhood;
> For it will bring again to earth
> Her long-lost poesy and mirth;
> Will send new life on every face,
> A kingly power upon the race."

A Return to Primitive Gospel Practices.

This power the primitive churches had until they lost their full-orbed endowment in their sleep of centuries, during which the world came in and stole their heavenly livery for its mutual benefit societies, which benefits are not dispensed according to gospel spirit—"not expecting to receive again"—but with the distinct understanding that it is to be more than restored in membership fees and assessments. This lost power is being regained in a small degree by present-day institutional churches.

The most vital question of the religious world today is, "To what extent can the redeemed people of God work together for a more aggressive Christianity? What plan is most feasible and workable for co-operation and federation without wasting time in attempting organic union, or a change of denominational alignment in the formation of a common creed? The spirit of oneness is gradually moving the heart of Christians in all lands to avoid the waste and unfortunate competition in the great foreign and home mission fields of the world. Churches of all denominations are coming more and more to recognize and reciprocate the laws of Christian comity and less and less to regard sectarian differences which have so long separated and so long deformed them. It is another waymark in the Savior's kingdom which may some day eventuate in a practically united Protestantism to the delight of all true Christians, when it can be accomplished without sacrifice of spiritual power. A common standing ground must be found where a united Christian world can work the most effectively for the Divine Master. Such a vantage ground will not only unite God's people more efficiently, but will, at the same time, tenfold more prosperously lengthen the cords and strengthen the stakes of the different denominations of believers; for it will not only largely increase the financial support, but greatly quicken the moral force and spiritual power of all Christendom. Indeed, a quickened conscience is already being felt in the legislative, executive and judicial departments of state and nation in all the varied functions of civic and commercial life the world around. It is a new spiritual dynamo coming in contact with the religious instincts and generous impulses of the enlightened world.

An Enviable Record.

To the furtherance of this great work Congregationalists stand pledged with their by no means unenviable record as pioneers in educational and mission work. Their past history is not faultless; they have committed errors of judgment and conscience, but they have in numerous instances in the past surrendered their fields with pastors and churches, together with their name (though never their principles), for what they believed would be the promotion of their Reedeemer's cause; otherwise they would have commanded a greater numerical standing today than they do. Figures, however, count but little in spiritual conquests, and can often be marshaled on both sides of a denominational fence. Romanism can outmarshal all Protestantism in the United States in its enlistment of all that comes to it by birth and immigration; while accurate investigation shows it to be constantly losing ground, if its membership were enumerated the same as in many of the Protestant denominations. Thus the charges of stagnation and decay are not unfrequently retorted back and forth between different faiths. The fact is, nothing innate with the spirit of Jesus Christ is ever decadent or dead, but "alive forever more." We may all rejoice that Protestantism in home and foreign fields is quietly putting off the petty and chilling rivalries of the sects that have often controlled them in the past and rising into the majestic harmonies and beauties of the new kingdom of glory. All Christendom is beginning to forget its differences with a sense of shame for the dying contentions of other days and a sense of joy for the growing unity of the present.

Denominational Preferences.

Congregationalists have their preferences, as do other denominations, but gospel religion is not a matter of preference; it is a matter of sacrifice of "all things for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus" and the great apostle who uttered these words—a man who never sacrificed one iota of his Christian principles—declared that he made himself "all things to all men that he might by all means save some." Neither is gospel faith a matter of conscience only. Many a man and woman have erred in their conscience. Many of the converted Jews and Gentiles in the church at Rome were divided in opinion over the eating of meat, and over the observance or non-observance of feast and fast days. The apostle Paul declared that these differences were matters of casuistry, to be decided by each individual conscience. A man's conscience is like his watch—keeping its own individual time and he goes by it. Some watches go rapidly and some go slowly; others, like mine, go when they are carried. But, fortunately, all civilized nations now have a common standard of time and by frequent comparisons with it all timepieces may keep in harmony. So it is, or should be, in matters of Christian faith. "If thy brother be grieved with thy meat, now walkest thou not charitably. Destroy not him with thy meat for whom Christ died." "Let every one please his neighbor for good to edification. For Christ pleaced not himself." "For none of us liveth to himself." This is Pauline casuistry.

A Restive World.

The restiveness of the whole world today gives evidence of unsatisfied and unsatisfying faiths. The world is in the penumbra of the passing eclipse of the blessed Christ.

In the days of the Savior's first appearing men were everywhere crying, "Lo here! Lo there!" So now there is a blind groping, an unconscious hunger for the satisfying faith, and all our social and industrial restiveness typifies it. As the old pagans refused the old faiths, before the Savior's advent to earth, because they had an intuition of something better, so today there is an unbelief which arises from a belief in something more satisfying than old-world faiths or new-world philosophies.

We often brand the unbelief of men and women as scepticism because they do not accept on the instant what we may have once neglected for years. There may be a nobility of scepticisms—a scepticism of refined and naturally religious temperaments, anxious to find peace of mind in a settled condition of religious life. In this unsettled and unsatisfying state they naturally drift into the numberless isms of the day. Most of them are certainly mistaken, but many of them are undoubtedly sincere. Not that sincerity saves any one from the consequence of his or her error, but it extenuates their position in the sight of Heaven and right-thinking people.

Said a man in my study, not so very long ago, "Why don't you Protestants get together and frame up some creedal basis on which you can all stand in common, instead of being split up into so many kinds of religion? My wife is a devout Catholic, and I attend church with her; but I don't care a rap what kind of faith you give me, so that I may have a settled religious belief. I believe in God and want to see all men believe in him." I replied, "My brother, true faith in God is inward and spiritual, not outward and formal. Religion is a general term and may mean very little to a man so far as faith and spiritual life are concerned. Roman Catholics have conformity, but conformity is not unity. The Protestant world with all its apparent lack of conformity to any one religious practice has more spiritual uniformity than all the Roman Catholic communion." I said furthermore, "The Protestant world, under the promptings of the syndicate spirit of the present day, is agitating and moving toward a union of religious faith and practice, and has been for a considerable term of years and may be for years to come—possibly for a generation to come—before adjusting the invested property rights and transferring the great mission fields of the world to one unified religious organization. And, if it ever becomes an accomplished fact, grand as such an appeal would make to the religious instincts of mankind, it is a question whether the religious gain would compensate for the loss of spiritual power which such a consolidation might involve."

As to the sincerity of that man's language I do not assume to know, but it was the frankness of his utterance that impressed me. It was symtomatic of the world's longings. It voiced the religious gyrations and unsettled state of the world whose religious desires (though mistaken faiths) so far ally them to God. Though unable with unclouded view to penetrate the heavenly vision, their eyes are lifted skyward for a hope they have never known, as a blessed experience, and for an abiding faith unaffected by entangling creed and century-old rituals with which erring men have hampered the pure Word of God.

Patience with Hesitant Unbelief.

I am not pleading for tolerance with false faith, but for patience with hesitant unbelief, which is craving a credence in a faith that is soul satisfying; that seeks more faith, not less. For, though it be blindness, it is not willful blindness; though it seems far from the kingdom of heaven, it may be near; though it be a soul starving in the midst of plenty, its very refusal to eat may be the expression of an anticipation of a more bounteous feast of the Divine Father's love. There is a divine discontent in the world like that which preceded the Savior's advent to earth, a discontent which is everywhere felt as never before in modern history—a grand time in which to proclaim and exemplify the self-sacrificing spirit of our Divine Master, a time perhaps prophetic of a greater day and a more abundant life for the race of man; God grant it may be so!

Oleander, Calif.

SOME EXPRESSIONS OF REVERENCE TOWARD GOD.

Emma Younglove.

There is a fear of God which does not honor him. The fear which consists of dread of his power, and is not associated with love for Him, has no virtue, but only torment. Reprobates often feel such fear. "The devils also believe, and tremble."

Reverence is one element of a holy fear. Reverence may find epxression toward the Bible, the Book of God; toward the Sabbath, the Lord's day; toward prayer, communion with God; toward the church, the building for His worship; and in other directions.

"Not on the Bible, dearie," remonstrated an old Scotch lady, as she lifted the book which the younger one had just laid down. "Don't put anything on the Bible; it doesn't seem reverent." The gentle voice spoke with such sincerity that the quaint incident produced a lifelong impression.

The same dear old Scotch lady allowed the ashes which sifted upon the carpet from the fireplace Sunday morning to remain until Monday, because, as she said, "I never took a broom in my hand on the Sabbath in my life." Yet the limits which her conscience set to her actions had nothing hard or rigid or repulsive in the eyes of those who knew her, for they were but the natural expression of her loving fear of God.

"Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." This was the reply made by a teacher of young men to the question, "Do you think it is wrong to play base ball on Sunday?" Again and yet again the query was put forth, only to be met as often by the solemn injunction, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."

The prayer which fails to hallow the name of God, lacks the element which Jesus put first among the petitions of the Lord's prayer.

The majestic cathedrals of mediaeval Europe were adapted to inspire awe. Our modern churches are convenient and better suit our needs than do those historic structures. But they certainly do not contribute, as do those lofty piles, to the sense of the power and the holiness of Jehovah.

Many things conspire to lessen reverence in our day. But "Fear God" remains as imperative an obligation upon us as it was upon the quaint Scottish saint or upon those who built the Gothic cathedrals.

Ventura, Cal.

There is nothing more pitiful than a life spent in thinking of nothing but self.—Farrar.

WHY HAVE THE "BLUES"?

Grace P. Faris.

"Some folks are rich in the power to be miserable," says Carlyle. They welcome the blues as they would an old friend, ready to "snuggle" right up tight.

The man or woman who has learned to smile when everything seems to go dead wrong has a very great advantage over the ones whose courage sinks clear out of sight when they discover they are in a hard place. The ones who can stand true and firm when the storms of life are raging are the ones the world has a place for. The call today is not for quantity, but for quality.

"And the roses of fame still grow on thorny stems." "If you aren't more sensible than sensitive you can't win." And there is no one who ever reached the heights of success without severe criticism. No one could ever satisfy the whole world, and unless we can rise above these things, we are not above the ordinary.

A little girl had wanted for a long time to climb a certain mountain with her brother. This day her mother had consented, but when they reached the foot of the mountain she looked up and said, "Why, brother, I can't climb up there; just see those big rocks and hard places!" The brother answered, "If it were not for those we could never get to the top. We could never climb up a smooth path." The suggestion I received from this illustratain has been a great help in my own life. I have realized that there are no upholstered cars to success.

Our Heavenly Father thinks too much of us to give us an easy place. He wants us to earn the spurs. I hear some one say, "But if fate had dealt with you as with me, you would feel "blue." But there is too much to establish this great truth, that we are not the playthings of chance, or just happened along by accident. Every man is a plan of God, but it is a sad thing to see so many out of their place. This is the cause of so much misery, ignorance of God and His laws. Some say, "God is too busy running the universe to pay attention to me and details of my life. Well, if God, our Father, does not care, who does? Human love will not suffice through the storms of life. God never intended it should. He is the Only one in whom we can place implicit confidence.

I believe we find just what we are looking for, as a rule, and the world assumes the color of the glass through which we behold it. I never say any more, "Well, what's the matter with the world?" It is a good old world, but the trouble lies within ourselves, and when things look blue to me, I immediately begin to take an invoice of myself, and I soon discover that I am trying to carry a lot of surplus and dead stock, so I have a cleaning-up time, and after a brushing up of my mental kingdom, the blue glass has cleared up and the whole world has taken on a new color.

Now, my advice, from my own experience to the blue one, is this:

Take hold of God by faith as never before, for "according to your faith be it unto you." "Our faith is a very good measure of what we get out of life." Be an optimist in the true sense of the word. The world has no place nowadays for a pessimist.

Our Heavenly Father's love is great enough to meet all the needs of the twentieth century. It is up to us to give God a chance.

The disciple Peter walked on the waves as long as his mind was staid on Christ, but when he looked away, and began looking to himself he found he was sinking. So I am persuaded that it pays to have a personal acquaintanceship with the Master of Men, and keep on good terms with Him. As long as the mind faces the Sun of life it will cast no shadow before it.

Portland, Oregon.

DR. DAY'S FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY.

Dr. and Mrs. William Horace Day returned from their vacation trip early in the week feeling much refreshed from the rest and recreation afforded them in the Monterey region. On Wednesday evening—the night after their return—there was a great gathering at the church to welcome them home. This welcome took a very substantial form in the shape of a generous check to Dr. Day from church members in commemoration of the fifteenth anniversary of his pastorate of First Church, which occurred Sunday, September 10th. A cafeteria supper preceded the mid-week meeting, and E. P. Clark, president of the board of trustees, made the presentation in behalf of the church. A hint as to the use of the check was conveyed in its accompaniment of a toy automobile. Mr. Clark spoke appreciatively of the enthusiastic leadership of Dr. Day through these fifteen years, and referred to the devoted service of his father, the late Dr. Warren F. Day, who came to the church when it was struggling under a heavy debt and who gave lavishly, not only of his time and talent, but frequently helped out a deficit at the year's end with his personal check.

The church records show the remarkable growth of the work under Dr. Day's splendid leadership. The membership has nearly trebled, increasing from 855 to more than 2,300 at the present time. The treasurer's report shows a corresponding increase in a financial way, the total benev olences of the church for the past fifteen years amounting to approximately $378,000, including gift to Pomona College, while the current expenses foot up to approximately $354,500—making a total of more than $700,000 devoted to the work of the church during Dr. Day's pastorate. Three branch churches have also been formed—the Chinese, Japanese and Armenian, whereas fifteen years ago there were no such affiliations in the foreign quarter of the city.

A. P. Watts, president of the Men's Brotherhood of the church, spoke with enthusiasm of the love and loyalty of the church towards its pastor, and expressed the wish that he might be there to welcome Dr. Day on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his pastorate—a sentiment that was applauded enthusiastically by every one present.

On Sunday morning Dr. Day preached on "The Christian's Use of His Church" to a congregation that filled the auditorium and gallery. Preliminary to the sermon he spoke of the material increase of the church—its growth in membership, which has placed it fourth in size in the list of churches of its denomination in this country, the beginning of an endowment fund toward which $17,000 have been subscribed and the present splendid church property, valued at $201,000. Seated on the platform were the pastors of the branch churches—Armenian, Chinese and Japanese—which have been organized within the fifteen years. Turning from these material evidences of progress, Dr. Day outlined the spiritual uses of the church to the Christian in a scholarly sermon of searching power.

At the twilight communion twelve new members were received into the church.

Monday Dr. Day left for New Haven to attend the National Council. Accompanying Dr. Day to New Haven will be Messrs. E. P. Clark and Elliot Miller. He will return to occupy his pulpit October 31st, and in the meantime Dr. Wm. M. Brooks, former president of Tabor College, who now resides in Los Angeles, will preach on the morning of October 17th, and Rev. Herbert A. Jump of Redlands will speak on October 24th. Dr. Robert R. Meredith will continue his series of evening sermons on "The Manifesto of the King," concluding October 24th.

Women's Work in the Church.

At the all-day meeting of the women of First Church last Thursday reports were given of the annual meeting of the Woman's Board of the Pacific by Mmes. Wm. Horace Day, H. P. Case and F. Betts. An exceedingly interesting report of the home missionary conditions was given by Miss Sarah E. Bundy, the very efficient assistant to Dr. Kenngott, superintendent of the Southern California Conference. Miss Bundy has the rare gift of public speech that amounts to genius. Clearly and concisely, and with convincing force, she presented her subject with fine effect. Miss Bundy should be heard frequently from the platform, for she has a distinct talent for public speaking.

On September 28th the executive meeting of the Home Missionary Union of the Southern Branch was held at First Church, which called to Los Angeles members from all points in Southern California. It was cause for great satisfaction to the members of the Union that the president, Mrs. Geo. Robertson of Redlands, was again in the chair after her prolonged illness. A pledge of $100 toward the work of the Missionary Education Movement on the Coast for the current year was made with the condition that $50 might be drawn against it for registration fees of Southern California delegates to Asilomar. Mrs. E. C. Norton of Claremont was elected delegate to the meeting of the National Federation at New Haven. The treasurer reported a legacy of $500 from the estate of the late Mrs. Hannah E. Jones of Claremont. The report that the Congregational women raised more than their pro rata for financing the Women's World Congress of Missions held in San Francisco in June, was received with satisfaction and there will be no difficulty in using to good advantage the surplus for interdenominational work.

Members of the executive boards present included Mmes. Warren F. Day, H. K. W. Bent, Mary Porter Haines, H. W. Mills, M. C. Durant, Edward Crumley, Geo. H. Clark, Wm. Davies, E. Judson Brown; Misses Mary G. Holmes and Henrietta B. Freeman of Los Angenes; Mmes. Geo. Robertson and J. H. Williams of Redlands; Mrs. S. H. Herrick of Riverside; Mrs. Thomas O'Halloran of San Diego; Mrs. C. N. Hand of Lemon Grove; Mmes. Wm. Renwick and Beach of Claremont; Mrs. O. V. Rice, Upland; Mmes. E. B. Allen, Geo. H. Ide; Misses Edith Daniels, Anna L. Meeker, Emily M. Barrett, Ella Sheldon of Pasadena; Mmes. Ray J. Carter, P. L. Darling of Hollywood; Mrs. Mary M. Coman of Covina; Mrs. Edward Y. Partridge of Whittier; Mrs. Carrie Birdsall of Corona, and Mrs. A. C. Blaikie of Ontario.

DR. STONE AND MISS HUGHES INJURED.

The many friends of the well-known missionary, Miss Jennie V. Hughes, head of the Methodist Women's Training School at Kiukiang, China, and of Dr. Mary Stone, the brilliant Chinese physician, both of whom are now on furlough in Pasadena, were shocked to learn of the serious automobile accident which they suffered last week while en route to the Methodist Conference at San Diego, where they were to speak. Both were severely injured, and Miss Hughes' escape from instant death was miraculous. As a result they thave been forced to cancel indefinitely their speaking engagements on the Coast and across the continent.

SIDNEY FORD.

Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 11, 1915.

Among the Churches.

Pittsburg.—Eight members were received into the Church at a recent Communion. Rally Day in the Sunday School brought out over 160, which is the record attendance of the Sunday School. Mr. Champlin has organized the Boy Scouts with 15 members—a condition of membership being that they must attend Sunday School and Church. A "Sermonette" is preached, of about ten minutes, after which the boys and girls who wish to may withdraw. From 15 to 25 young people attend and thus get a flavor of "Church."

Campbell.—Last Sunday the pastor had a special Old Folk's service in honor of those who were "sixty years young or older." The church was crowded. The pastor spoke on "The Golden Sunset Years of Life." This is the second such service of recent years in Campbell. Every one seems delighted with the plan. The pastor was offered more autos than were necessary to bring the older ones to church! At the recent county C. E. convention, Mr. Atkinson was elected by the Endeavors of Santa Clara County as their Pastoral Counselor for the year.

Pacific Grove, Mayflower.—Six were received into membership last Sunday; five of them by letter and one on Confession. During the vacation of Rev. and Mrs. Palmer there were fine improvements made by the Mayflower Women's Association in the parsonage. A partition was taken out, throwing two smaller rooms into one beautiful living room, and hardwood floors were laid in three rooms, and other improvements made. The young people's work opens this fall with more promise than for many years. The Christian Endeavor Society is doing excellently. The Monterey County Christian Endeavor Convention is to be entertained for two days this month in Mayflower Church. A Junior Endeavor Society has just started with a good enrollment.

Myrtle Street, Oakland.—Sunday, Oct. 3rd, was the third anniversary of the occupation of the new church auditorium by the congregation, and also the third anniversary of the pastorate of Dr. J. B. Orr. During this pastorate of three years, the pastor has received into church membership, 123 persons. We have lost through death, and letters to other churches, on account of removal from the city, 50 members, which makes a net gain of 73 members. Under the direction of the pastor, the church holds a monthly business conference on the first Wednesday evening of each month, when the head of each department gives a report on what has been accomplished, and out-

lines plans for the succeeding month. At the last meeting held Oct. 6th, the pastor reported that during the last three months, he had made 300 pastoral calls, had performed ten weddings, and conducted eight funerals. Dr. Orr is making a personal canvass of the neighborhood to raise subscriptions to the church, in order that the receipts will be equal to the expenditures. He has been very successful, having raised about $350 in thirty days. This money will be paid in weekly offerings and used for the current expenses of the church. Mr. Hiram Merriam, a University student, is devoting all of his time on Saturdays and Sundays to the work of the Sunday School. As a result, the attendance is greatly increased and interest greatly quickened.

Park Church, Los Angeles.—The church has completed a year of great encouragement. For a number of years inadequately housed, poorly located, the people were discouraged with an annual record of loss and decline, until its future existence became problematical. Then Dr. Kengott secured the sale of the property, and under the able leadership of Rev. A. W. Hare, an attractive new building was erected. Rev. Chester Ferris was called to the pastorate September 1, of last year. Though there were then only about 75 active members, they rallied to his leadership and since then marked gains have been made. The 42 new members have greatly heartened the old workers and have made themselves felt vitally in all departments of activity, particularly in the Bible School and the choir. Four new classes have been added to the Sunday School, and the graded system quite generally introduced and with it the promotion of classes. The ladies have of late added 50 per cent to the membership of the missionary society, and alongside them the church has increased its benevolences offerings beyond any point for many years. That the Christian Endeavor work is thoroughly alive is shown by their recent organization of an intermediate society. Few churches can boast of so loyal a body of young people to all the meetings and activities of the Church. During the past year, the Brotherhood in addition to promoting mutual acquaintance among the men provided a lecture course, and equipped the church with a stereopticon outfit and other furnishings. Situated in an old section of the city, with a stationary population, this church cannot with an equal expenditure of effort, make any appreciable statistical gains compared with those in new and growing sections of the city. In this way it can only hope to deepen its work in a neighborhood already crossed and recrossed by the churches. But year by year it can add something to the strength of its numbers and working forces, and is determined to make itself the greatest spiritual force possible in that portion of the Kingdom which is its field around Angeleno Heights.

HISTORY OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF SANTA ROSA.

The Santa Rosa Republican published recently in its columns a brief history of the First Congregational Church of that city. We make some excerpts from the article:

"At the request of the executive committee of the California Home Missionary Society, the Rev. J. H. Warren, D.D., superintendent of the American Home Missionary Society, visited Santa Rosa to inquire into the expediency of organizing a Congregational Church. His first visit was on Sunday, July, 15, 1888. With the exception of a few inquiries, nothing was attempted at that time. To test the matter quietly, a call was made for a meeting to be held in Willard Hall on Sunday, July 22, 1888. The response was such as to justify the calling of another meeting on the following Sunday in the same place, and a larger number were present. At that meeting a vote was taken to proceed with measures looking toward the formation of a Congregational Church in Santa Rosa. A vote was also passed by the congregation to secure the use of Willard Hall for Sundays and Wednesday nights at the rate of $10 a month.

On the following Sunday, July 29, 1888, those interested in the movement were so encouraged by the prospect before them that they proceeded at once on decisive steps to effect an organization. It was done in this way: At a meeting held after the regular Sunday service on August 5, eighteen interested persons were present and two committees were elected. First, a visiting committee, the business of which it was to find out how many there were in and around Santa Rosa who were interested in establishing a Congregational church. Second, a committee to draw up a "Confession of Faith" and a constitution, etc.

On October 12, 1888, the first pastor of the church, the Rev. James Harrison, was formally called by unanimous vote. Very soon after the acceptance of the pastorate, the question of a church building was discussed and plans were made accordingly. Nothing definite was really done, however, until November 27, 1889, when it was definitely decided to build. A committee was formed to canvass for funds and the work began in earnest. On the 23d of April the plans for the building were submitted and unanimously adopted. On the 20th of May, 1890 the constitution was signed and the church was duly incorporated. To aid the young society in building the new edifice, the American Congregational Union made a loan to the local congregation of $2500 and the building was proceeded with. On September 22, 1890, Rev. Mr. Harrison announced that it was the last Sunday they would meet in Willard Hall, and accordingly, with great enthusiasm, the following Sunday at 11 a. m. the first service was held in the new building. The church was crowded with members and friends. The Rev. Mr. Harrison preached the opening sermon.

On September 30 of the same year the thirty-ninth session of the General Association of Congregational Churches of California was held in the new church. On the opening day of the church $800 was still owing; $200 came from that first congregation, and now after an appeal by Dr. McLean of Oakland, the remaining $600 was raised, and the church was dedicated free of debt. A three-day session was held by the association, and the new work was enthusiastically launched.

The building suffered somewhat by the earthquake of 1906, and extensive repairs had to be made. The building was badly shaken and plaster came down in chunks. However, the structure itself stood the shock, and did not suffer as badly as other buildings in town. On October 28, 1906, a second dedication service was held.

The church began in 1888 with 33 members.

It has had pastors as follows:

J. K. Harrison, B. F. Sargent, L. D. Rathbone, A. B. Patten, W. C. Day, C. F. Clarke, C. S. Price.

The Republican says:

The present pastor of the church, Rev. Charles S. Price, received an unanimous call to the pastorate a little over six months ago and since that time has labored as minister in charge. Mr. Price has had a wide experience as a traveler in many parts of the world, but has spent the greater part of his ministerial life in this country. Previously to coming to Santa Rosa, Mr. Price was a missionary of the Congregational church in Alaska, with headquarters in Valdez.

He was educated at Wesley College, England, receiving his theological training under the well-known theological educator, Prof. Valentine W. Pearson. Since coming to Santa Rosa, Mr. Price has preached consistently to greatly interested congregations, his Sunday morning sermons being especially enjoyed by an audience that is steadily growing. It has been the plan of Mr. Price to handle popular subjects for the Sunday evening services, and these have proved attractive. Mr. Price is a young man and has proved very popular with the younger members of his congregation. Under his leadership the whole church is anticipating a seady growth and looks forward to great things in the future.

LENGTH OF FUTURE TIME ON EARTH.

The Rev. Dr. W. N. Clarke, one of the most eminent of American theologians of the present age, wrote a few years ago that the Christian revelation does not show how long the present order of things, or life on earth is to continue:

"If science offers any light upon the question we are free to receive it; and from this source we learn that God's processes are very long. . . Life as we find it came out of the past, and is moving on to the future, and the end is out of sight. We find ourselves on the stream, but see neither the fount nor the ocean; nor can we tell how far away either is except that both seem remote."

In his book on the Puzzling Books of the Bible, Dr. Gladden says concerning Daniel:

"Probably no other book in the Bible has been so much interpreted; it has furnished the expounders of millennial theology with a large part of their material; century after century its enigmatic numbers have been calculated and recalculated to make them fit the schemes of the prophets who distinctly saw the end of the world drawing night.

"I remember as well as if it were yesterday a blackboard hanging in the pulpit, on which some of these figures in Daniel were added and subtracted by the preacher, showing with the precision of mathematics that the world must come to an end in 1843. That was the date at which we were then living. And I remember well the chilling fear which fell upon the heart of a child at the sight of these ominous figures, a fear which was never lifted till the sun rose bright and clear on New Year's Day, 1844. That blessed morning banished many terrors, and loosened the grip of uncanny superstition. I have heard the raven croak, ever since, with considerable equanimity."

Dr. Gladden goes on to say: "The apocalyptical numbers in this book of Daniel lend themselves to the mystic speculators about future events. There is one particular term of seventy weeks at the end of which something is going to happen; and it is explained that these are weeks of years, whatever they may mean. Seventy weeks are four hundred and ninety days; and the commentators have generally supposed that each day in this reckoning was a year. But when this period begins nobody knows. Some say at the captivity, some at the destruction of Jerusalem, some at the death of Christ. And there is nothing in the world to hinder anyone from putting the terminus a quo at the time of the battle of Waterloo or the landing of the Pilgrims, and then looking out for something very important to happen at the end of 490 years from that time. The determination to find in these numbers something of deep prophetic significance has reached the brains and unsettled the reason of great multitudes of Christians; and all this speculation and calculation and prognostication lands us in the middle of Nowhere."

The Home.

BLACK SHEEP.

Mebbe it's harder to find 'em,
  Their coats don't shine so bright
Bein' so black, the color
  Of the awesome, darksome night.

O' course the lambs ain't cunnin'
  Like white lambs ought to be,
And it's dretful hard to get 'em
  To follow willingly.

But then the Shepherd loves 'em,
  And many and many a day
He's gone way over the mountain
  For one that has gone astray;

One poor black sheep a-bleatin',
  With wolves upon every side,
A-lookin' for sheep no matter
  What color their wool is dyed.

If He cares so much, why, surely
  It wouldn't look well for me
To turn my back upon 'em,
  Pretendin' I didn't see.

When one jumps out o' the pasture,
  Or dodges the fold's strong gate,
Goes friskin' into the forest
  And stays till the night is late,

Till the heavy shadows gather
  And the weary night is cold,
Does the tremblin' lambkin listen?—
  "Come home to the safe, safe fold."

For over the howl of tempest,
  The roar of the torrent's foam,
I hear the Shepherd calling,
  "Come, home, poor lamb, come home."

—Nelly Hart Woodworth.

SECOND NATURE.

One of the fortunate provisions of nature, and one of the most interesting, is that by which we are able to gain

what we call second nature. How we came by the instinctive things we do, which we do without practice or instruction, is a question not quickly to be answered. We can be sure that they are better done without our attention than they would be by careful watchfulness. One experimenter, Galton, if we mistake not, nearly lost his life trying how far he could get control over his own pulses, and came so near managing his heart-beats that he almost ceased to have any. An oft-quoted verse about the unhappy centipede, reminded by the toad of a question of pedal precedence, tells how "he lay distracted in a ditch, considering how to run,"—a fate that often accompanies a too inquisitive disposition about matters which attend to themselves better than we could possibly attend to them. The vital things of life may very likely be improved, but we have to work warily not to offend the powers that resent invasion of their territory and assumption of their prerogatives, and make the process of improvement a matter of extreme indirection. And, with all possible pains, progress is very slight and quite apt to revert.

But while this is true of the nature we found ourselves with, it is encouragingly otherwise with the nature we add to what we found. Life begins with instincts, and continues only on the condition of the formation of new instincts. Every acquirement, so soon as it becomes our own, is deposited where it continues to work for us, and we find ourselves making a nature of our own. Rapidly at first, more slowly as age comes on, we surely change ourselves by the things that become second nature to us. The facility that costs pains and toil steadily demands less and less of us while it returns more and more to us. The fact that anything gets to be for us what we call second nature is a fact that makes our place in the creative scale. Human nature is mainly distinguished by its ability to get a second nature.

We miss some of the consequences and advantages of this fact by stating it by itself. There are very ordinary illustrations of it of which a close examination will repay us. In a factory one sees operatives perform a few motions in running machines which make them seem but parts of the machines themselves. They acquire such rapidity and accuracy in making these movements that they seem automatons, and many observers conclude that human nature becomes absorbed and mechanized by such expertness. But when we inquire more closely we find more consequences than at first appear. A woman at a machine which makes three thousand stitches a minute sews up the long seam of a pair of overalls more quickly than she would pronounce the word. She keeps on doing this incessantly during the working hours, and the on-looker wearies, by a sort of induction, in merely seeing such unremitting rapidity of action. He puts into her work the feelngs he would have if he, unpractised, tried to do it, and concludes that the grinding monotony, the unrelieved incessancy of such work, is a torture, and a sure destruction of initiative. But if he asks a few questions, he sees a good deal more and other than this first sight showed him. He sees that this facility enables the operative to earn a proportionate wage, and to gain a regularity in this increased output which guarantees such return. He sees, where conditions are up to the modern standard, that this work is not wearing or exhausting. The countenances tell an indisputable story of good health, vigor, cheerfulness, and even enjoyment. He notices that expertness of hands and eyes is accompanied by freedom in conversation. He learns how skill seems to have no stopping-place, and how its attainment is compensated. He finds that monotony, instead of enslaving the mind, sets it free; that those who would think at all are able to let their hands do the work while their minds range freely over other interests. He recalls women he saw in his childhood, who, while their knitting-needles flashed too rapidly for counting, talked as freely as though they were doing nothing, and had eyes for everything which transpired. The same thing is happening in the factory which happened in the home. Things which would be unendurable if they remained what they were at first turn into a second nature. What would be slavery if it always claimed the attention creates freedom by becoming second nature. Human nature, instead of becoming absorbed in this pursuit, grows more and more independent of it. Just where it seems to be imprisoned it is really set free. The nature with no other resources will, of course, not use them. The mentality which would not grow anywhere will not grow by this acquirement, except as manual dexterity produces corresponding mental qualities. It need not be said that the toil which is too heavy for normal strength, the hours and conditions which are intolerable, the labor which is not given a living wage counteract all such benefits of second nature. They make the second nature, indeed, a slavery. But it is they that do it, and not the second nature. It is not the deposit of habit which makes work monotonous, but the nature of the work. Other things being equal, the attainment of a second nature in anything is a process of freedom and deliverance. If human nature has anything more in it, this providential provision gives it opportunity. The more a man deposits his attention and his energies where they take care of themselves, the more he can devote himself to new directions. "It is not true," says the foreman, "that this rapid work dulls and fatigues and depresses our women. Just the opposite. Look at them; they have a better time in their working according as they gain skill in it."

Perhaps it is not true in the human field that hardships and severe training are cruel and oppressive, and that tribulations crush out life. People who have it in them to do so will make life serve their will, not dull it, liberate their souls, not confine them, and they will get used to things at first difficult so that they have greater freedom by means of them than they could ever have had by not going through them. The discipline of experience which enables one to bear it emancipates the spirit. We do unconsciously and without effort what at first took all our souls, and our souls range above our tasks, ever acquiring new possessions, depositing new capital, and exploring new possibilites of power. In ths way it is literally true that men may run and not be weary, may walk and not faint, and that their minds may thereby be set free, and Andrew Ryckman's prayer be granted,—

"Out of self to love be led,
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude."

—Christian Register.

Give me thy harmony, O Lord, that I
May understand the beauty of the sky,
The rhythm of the soft wind's lullaby,
The sun and shadow of the wood in spring
And thy great love that dwells in everything!

—Alexander Pringle.

For The Children.

MILDRED'S BLUE DAY.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mildred. "Everything has begun wrong today. I tipped over a pitcher of milk, I broke one of my dolls, and now I've torn my new dress. It's going to be a blue day."

Her father looked at her woebegone face.

"You have had a bad start," he agreed; "but if it's going to be a blue day, why not make it a pleasant blue one?"

"How can it be pleasant and blue? Blue means disagreeable, father."

"Find the interesting and beautiful blue things. There are a great many of them. Look for those today instead of thinking of the unpleasant things."

Mildred thought this would be worth trying. After her father had gone she ran to the window. There was the blue sky. That was the first beautiful thing that was blue.

It was a lovely morning. As Mildred started for school she heard the twittering of bluebirds, and, looking up, saw several of them flying among the trees. By the roadside she found quantities of violets.

In the mineral cabinet at school she noticed a light blue stone and a deep blue one.

"The light one is a turquoise, the other a sapphire," her teacher told her.

When Mildred went home at noon she remembered the bed of forget-me-nots. Here was something else that was blue. As she stood beside them her older brother called softly to her. She ran toward him.

"Look!" he whispered.

Some distance away a little bird was hopping about in the short grass. It was of the brightest blue she had ever seen, with wings and tail touched with black.

"What is it?" Mildred asked. "Isn't it lovely? It's a real peacock blue."

"It's an indigo bunting, one of the prettiest of birds."

After school Mildred went to walk with a few of her companions. From the top of a high hill they saw the mountain peaks, blue-shadowed in the distance. Far below lay a little blue lake.

That night at bedtime Mildred sought her father. It was a warm evening, and he was standing on the porch. It was growing dark, and the stars were coming forth one by one. Mildred related the story of her blue day.

"I've seen the blue sky, a bluebird, blue violets, a blue turquoise, a blue sapphire, blue forget-me-nots, a blue indigo bird, blue mountains, and a blue lake," she enumerated.

"I'll show you another." Her father pointed to the eastern sky. "Do you see that bright star? That is Vega, a star which the astronomers say is blue."

"Are there blue stars, too?" Mildred asked. "Why, there's blue everywhere."

"That's what I told you," answered her father. "Hasn't this been a good blue day?"

"It's been lovely."

"You see, blue days don't need to be unpleasant. The right kind can be exceedingly pleasant ones."

One more surprise in blue awaited the little girl. As she looked up from her pillow at mother bending over her to say good-night, she found herself gazing into the sweetest blue of all—mothers eyes.

"Blue days are the best days," she murmured sleepily.—Selected.

A SPIDER'S HOME.

"What ails our new clock?" said father one day, as he came home from his work and found mother just putting on the potato-kettle in order to get dinner. "It is twelve o'clock now, and our clock lacks a whole half-hour of the right time."

"I don't know," said mother; 'it has always kept very good time until now."

Just then Elsa came running in from school, saying, "O mother, I was late at school this morning, and Miss Prentiss was so sorry because she had been teaching the children a new song that I missed!"

Father moved both hands of the clock around until both pointed straight up. Now Elsa knew what time it was, and guessed why she had been late that morning. "Now, Elsa," said father, "run over to Aunt Jennie's to see of we can borrow her watch for a day. If our clock keeps on telling the wrong time we might be late again tomorrow without the watch."

Elsa skipped away, pleased to help father, and pleased to think that Aunt Jennie might slip the watch-chain around her neck and the pretty watch into her apron pocket, so that she could wear it all the way home. When she came back, the watch was hung up on a nail beside the clock. The next morning, when father looked, he found that the clock was slower than ever; but he again set it right with the watch. It could not keep up, but grew slower and slower, until finally it stopped altogether.

"Now," said father, "I will open the door that has always been tightly closed, to see if I can find out the trouble with our new clock." Elsa and mother peeped over his shoulder, and what do you suppose they saw? Why, somebody's little home, all fixed up there among the pretty wheels, with curtains, draperies, and other silken things. The one who made all this was scampering away as fast as his six little legs could carry him.

"That's right," said father, "hurry away; for you have just tied our clock up with so much spinning that it cannot go at all. You and the clock are both such busy workers; but you cannot work together, so you had better fix up a home somewhere else."

Father brushed the spider's work all away, when the wheels commenced turning, and the pendulum said its soft "tick-tock" again. Baby waved his tiny hand to show how the clock goes, for he had been watching, too. Father set the hands again with Aunt Jennie's watch, and the next morning both were together telling the right time. The watch was now carried home to Aunt Jennie, and after this the clock told father just when to get up, mother just when to get breakfast, Elsa just when to get ready for school, and nobody need be late any more on account of not knowing the right time.—The Child's Garden.

WHERE LILIES WOULD NOT GROW.

Once upon a time there was a man who had a beautiful garden. Roses grew in it, and hollyhocks and sunflowers; but he wanted lilies more than anything else, and he could not have them because the ants would not allow them to grow. You know that lilies grow out of dry brown bulbs you plant in the ground. Over and over again the man bought these little brown bulbs and planted them, and every time he did it the ants came and ate them up. The ants thought he was very kind to put these lovely feasts in

the ground so often, but after a little while they did not like the things the man put around the bulbs. They did not taste good. One night he put red pepper around the place where the bulbs were planted in nice little rings. One of the little ants got its feet in the pepper, and cried, "Oh, dear me, I'm burned awfully!" Then of course the other ants stayed away from the red line. They worked all night and dug little roads under the red pepper, and got to the nice bulb and ate it up.

Next time the man tried tar, and then kerosene, and then snuff, and then camphor. All of them were things the ants did not like; only they climbed over then somehow, or dug under them, or did something very wise. Anyway, they always ate up the lily bulbs, so the man had nothing left in his garden but roses and hollyhocks and sunflowers. The was not really a cruel man, but he began to feel very cruel when the thought of these clever little ants who loved to devour lily bulbs. One night he sat trying to think of what he could do. He wanted to kill every little ant that lived in his garden.

"What do ants like best of anything to eat?" he asked.

"A nice, juicy bone," said his wife.

"All right," he said. "I'm going to give them a feast tonight." Then he laughed just as the giant laughed when he thought he was going to catch Jack who climbed the beanstalk." "Just wait till you see what I'm going to do!" That night he fixed a wonderful trap. On the ground beside a lily bulb he laid a sheet of sticky fly-paper. It was pegged down to the ground, so the wind would not blow it away; and in the middle of it he laid a nice, juicy, meaty little bone.

"Now," said the cruel man, "we'll see what will happen."

And the funniest thing did happen. The man got up very, very early in the morning.

"Come," he cried to his wife and all his little children, "come out to see my ant-trap. I'll wager there isn't an ant left alive in our garden."

And what do you suppose he found? All the meat and marrow was gone from the nice, juicy bone. The ants had sucked out the sweetness; and there was not one ant caught on the fly-paper, not one! They had smelled the nice, juicy bone, and gone to look for it, hundreds of them, then smelled of the fly-paper.

"It smells queer," said one little ant.

"It feels queer," cried another little ant. "I just touched it with one foot, and it grabbed and pulled me so I could hardly get away."

"What shall we do?" said the hundred of little ants.

"I'll tell you!" cried the queen. Every little ant stopped to listen. "Each one of you must bring grains of sand, and we will make a bridge over that dish that grabs you by the legs. Then, after the bridge is laid, we'll have a grand supper."

All the little ants set to work. They brought grains of sand each, till there were millions of grains and there was a beautiful straight road across the nasty, sticky flypaper. It was wide enough for three or four little ants to travel on at once, so they went across just as fast as they could travel. If you had looked out there in the moonlight, you would have seen the nice, juicy bone just black with ants. They were tired after their hard work, and they were having a nice supper.

The man stood for a moment and looked at the well-picked bone and the wonderful little bridge, and then said: "I guess we won't try to grow any lilies. I am not so clever as the little ants."—Good Housekeeping.

O God, if I worship Thee in fear of hell, burn me in hell; and if I worship Thee in hope of paradise, exclude me from paradise; but if I worship Thee for thine own sake, withhold not thine everlasting beauty!

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